WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1806. No. 24.

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

(Concluded.)

MR. Honley, in his fright, exclaimed with indignation against George, who he called a monster of a son! an ungrateful, and unnatural child! assassin of both father and mother! The officers required him to give an explanation of these words. It was then that Mr. Honley acknowledged that George was his son by Mrs. Hanowan; that they had brought him up privately, and at a mutual expense; that he had no doubt but this unfortunate wretch, who had made the most violent attempt on his life, was the author of the death of Mrs. Hanowan.

George's formal avowal, who declared himself guilty of the murder of Mrs. Hanowan, and who gave all the details of it, as I have just recited, leaving no doubt of the innocence of Captain Wilkes, he was first of all released under security to attend the trial of George Reading.

The formalities of the security were not long in filling up; and we had the happiness, before the end of the day, to take our respectable friend home with us.

Captain Wilkes, doubly happy to see himself restored to life, to the honour and pleasure of finding in Mr. Lank a son, who united and possessed all the qualities a father could desire, appeared to enjoy a new existence. As for us, we were transported with a delirium, which visibly shewed itself in our actions and words.

All the relations, friends and acquaintances of Captain Wilkes, repaired to see him with eagerness, and to congratulate him; and Jonas was received by them all with the most flattering distinction. Lord G*** was even one of the first to pay his respects to Captain Wilkes and Jonas. The Captain enchanted, acknowledged, by an authentic act, Jonas Henry Lank, for his son and only heir, by changing the name of Lank, to that of Wilkes.

The trial of George Reading being finished, he was condemned; and Captain Wilkes acquitted, by the same sentence, of the procedure and condemnation carried on against him. The unfortunate George appeared very repentant for the crimes with which he was loaded.

I remained about a month longer in London after the innocence of Captain Wilkes was triumphant. This generous friend assured me when we parted, that he and Jonas would pay me and my family a visit. My return home excited the greatest pleasure in the heart of Josephine, and I was received by M. and Mad. Bertrand, as a valued son.

I learnt with much surprise, that Robert, who was in business for himself, and had managed his affairs very well for two years, being disgusted with his wife, had run away, and abandoned her and two children, without leaving them wherewith to subsist. This news afflicted me much: I hastened to relieve her; and by the means I afforded her, her business revived. I learnt afterwards, that her husband was gone to America, where his intemperance and debauchery killed him in six months. Mrs. Robert remained a widow, growing more and more covetous, and even refusing herself the common necessaries of life, to heap up money; which so altered her constitution, that she died very young. Her love of money was so great, that, being appointed guardian of her children, I found in an old coffer a sum which amounted to more than twenty thousand franks, which she had heaped up partly from the death of her uncle, and partly the advantage of commerce, after the death of her husband.

Her children grew up, and profited by the education I gave them. I have never any reason but to approve their conduct. They are now very well established and they revere me as a tender father.

Every year, since my voyage to London, Captain Wilkes and Mr. Lank, have passed a month with me and my family; and I accompanied them to England, where I had commercial friends. I have but two children, a boy and a girl; and I have been happy enough to establish them, and to see myself surrounded with a numerous offspring. My bonds of friendship with Captain Wilkes were strength-

ened by the marriage of Jonas with my daughter. My son espoused the only daughter of M. Durant, who always made one of our habitual society. I was always lucky in my speculations, and the fortune I have acquired is immense; and I consecrate a part of it for the succour of those who by reverse of fortune have need of it. I have never felt any misfortune since the cruel adventure of Captain Wilkes, but those occasioned by the death of Mr. Speckleer, and M. and Madame Bertrand, who lived to extreme old age, before they paid the debt of Nature.

Josephine and I approach old age without regret; our life has been easy, uniform, and tranquil; happy in our property, our children, and our friendships. By the constant advantages of fortune, we hope to terminate our career in the joys of peace, which never abandon those who have lived without reproach, and without remorse.

My children are acquainted with the history of my fortune; I could not resist the desire of transmitting it to my grandchildren, to whom I could not relate it; and this, in the full hope that the example of their grandfather will engage them to practise the sweet virtue of benevolence. May this sacred maxim be engraven on their hearts; "He that obliges, is a hundred times happier than the person obliged."

SELECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR THE VISITOR.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

(In continuation.)

EMILIA returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when it believes itself to have liquidated all accounts with heaven. Her husband's note surprised her much. He had never before quitted her in so unaccountable a way—without a parting kiss—without fixing any time for his return—without having even thought of the journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Emilia uneasy. She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the Count before his departure. The steward replied he had seen him, but not spoken to him.—"Not spoken to him!" exclaimed Emilia. "No orders! no directions! I mean only with regard to the household?"—"None, whatever," answered he. "That is strange," said Emilia. "Aye, strange indeed, my lady," returned the steward. "I have known his lordship ever since he was born. I have often had the honour of carrying him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day. Twenty times he was pleased to send for me—twenty times I had the honour of waiting on him; but there I stood, and he never even looked at me. Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while he looked as red as my good old master, his father, of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying, good bye, Thomas, as he was before always pleased to do, when he left home."—"Inexplicable!" murmured Emilia. "Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms?" Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile, the Count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night within his soul—not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight. On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, draw-bridges, and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadows.

It was the first time that the Count had visited this, the remotest of his estates since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener, and his wife, were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harboured not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with hearty good-will; but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were wild and gloomy; he threw himself upon a sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday clothes, and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harrangue, with which he purposed to surprise his lordship. At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed that the Count was fatigued after his journey, and would not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home. "The late lord never was so high with us." said one to the other. "Whenever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said—Good day, my lads! How goes your corn on? How are your cattle? God bless his good old soul."

Early on the following morning, Count Z** examined the castle, searched every corner, and dived into the lowest celler. At the end of a lonely gallery, through which he heard the echo of his every step, he stumbled against an iron door, which guarded the entrance to one of the four turrets at the corners of the castle's roof. The door was opened—a loathsome stench of long confined air burst through the chasm. He entered—found four naked walls and some mouldered straw. For the first time the Count's mouth was distended to a smile, but it was a grim diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and dispatched the servant who had accompanied him, with a note to the Countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw were carried to the turret.

Emilia received with rapture the tidings from her beloved lord, whose embraces her beating heart too long had missed. With the beauteous bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note, and read:

"The bearer hereof, has orders to bring you to me. Z**."

Great as was Emilia's astonishment at the dry laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moment's hesitation to accompany the messenger. The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in the seventh month of her pregnancy; but Emilia, with the impatience of affection, forgot her burden, scarce allowed herself a few hour's sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dismal turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Emilia flew to embrace him—with his clenched fist he struck her on the breast, and felled her to the earth. "Heavens! What means this?" cried the un-

fortunate Countess, and crept upon the straw. The Count spurned her from him. "Monster," roared he, in a tone of the most dreadful fury, "thou art unmasked. Here, here shalt thou end a life of which I have not courage to deprive thee."—"Oh, heavens!" whimpered Emilia, "spare at least the child which I bear beneath my heart."—"Damned be the child, the dishonour of my house, and witness of thy infamy."

With these words he forsook the wretched Emilia, and locked the door.

(To be continued.)

SELECT SENTENCES.

TO attain wealth, is to open new inlets of temptation, and multiply the sources of disappointment. Why should the flower of life be prostituted to acquire that, which a thousand accidents conspire to prevent us from obtaining, and, when obtained, a thousand more to deprive us of?

Fear is as necessary to happiness, as hope. The latter inspires us with courage, and the former tempers it with caution.

Lindo's religion consists in words,—Ardo's in actions. The former pays more deferrence to what people *think*, than what they *do*. and esteems christianity as a thing of more consequence to be *believed* than *practised*.

The latter looks upon all men in the pure sunshine of good nature. His exercise consists in seeking and relieving the unfortunate, and his reward is health for his industry, and content for his benevolence.

Zealo proclaims himself the patriot of his circle. He spends his evenings in public company, where he declaims against the tyranny of governments, and cruelty of war. To maintain his opinions, he will differ with strangers, and insult his friends; and, after having rendered himself obnoxious to his companions will return home, replete with the venom of ill humour, and vent his spleen on a wife, and dependent family.

I have a friend, who is an ingenius man, a good christian, and a private soldier. I attended him one evening to a chapel. The preacher was no Cicero, and I asked him what he thought of his sentences. He replied, "in listening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to *halt* with criticism."

When a man rectifies my judgment by a smart reply, the wound given by his wit, is healed by the information it conveys.

ON LYING.

TO be a liar is a striking mark of a coward—for every man would speak truth if he durst. To be a liar is an evident token of a fool—for every wise man will speak truth. To be a liar is an infallible proof of a knave—for every honest man must speak truth.

Now if any thing can constitute the baseness of a character, it must be the combination of *cowardice*, *folly* and *knavery*; which are three of the worst qualities that can exist in common connexion. In nothing, however, is the baseness of this vice more apparent than in this—that to every mortal the appellation of a liar is the most disgustful. How inexpressible base, then, must be the thing itself, when the very image of it is so shocking!

A lie is a weak thing—it always wants another to support it. A lie is an imprudent thing—for it often disappoints itself. A lie is a destructive thing—for it at once stifles the voice, and relaxes the energy of countenance. Base indeed must be the compound, of which *weakness worthlessness* and *imprudence* are the sole engredients.

To lie meanly is very pitiful: to lie dexterously is very difficult: it requires a retentive memory, and a bad conscience. A good invention to tell a fashionable and plausible lie; a good memory to prevent contradiction; a bad conscience to prevent remorse—and every liar must have the last: God be thanked, few liars have the second—a comfortable consideration indeed; for if these three qualities (a dangerous assemblage) should all centre in the same bosom, the consequence to society would be so fatal, that if the infernal ghosts were to embody themselves, and commence inhabitants on the earth, their influence would be more propitious to the welfare of the world than the dark designs of men who have given themselves up to dissimulation and falsehood. Take a view of this vice in its various obliquities, and behold the infamy. Consider fraud—what is it? How base to trepan the honest simplicity of your neighbours! to lay schemes for their destruction, and in wily silence to disturb the peace and quiet of mankind! Consider hypocrisy—what is it? How vile, how mean, to have the face of a friend, and the heart of an enemy! the profession of a saint, and the temper of a devil! to entice with a smile—to betray with a kiss! Consider flattery—what is it? How absurd, how servile, to adorn the foibles of mankind with the colours of the rainbow! and to superficial virtue with borrowed charms! In other respects, we only deceive men; but in this, we excite men to deceive themselves; intoxicate their minds with ridiculous ideas of their own significancy; blow up the swelling sails of pride, and induce them to throw off the garment of humility, which is the most becoming mortals can wear.

Such a horrid monster is this vice, in all its shapes, that it needs only to be seen, that it may be hated—only to be discovered, that it may be detested. What a detestable wretch, then, is a *liar!* Suspected by all—despised by the good—the contempt of the bad—a coward through life—and a monster in death.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

"That there should be a tribe of flies whose duration extends but to a day, seems at first surprising; but the wonder will increase, when we are told, that some of this kind seem to be born and die in the space of a single hour.

The Ephemeron is produced from the egg in the form of a maggot, whence it changes into a more perfect form; namely that of an Aurelias, which is a kind of middle state between a worm and a fly. But its glory is short lived, for the hour of its perfection is the hour of its death; and it is scarcely introduced into pleasure when it is obliged to part with life."

Goldsmith's Nat. His.

THE great Cosme de Medicis being on his death-bed, his wife asked him why he shut his eyes? "To use them to it," was his answer.

THE LADIES.

A SOLITARY philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the contentment of those, upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice: whose eye commands the brave and whose smiles softens the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach, endeavour to multiply delights without requiring any return but willingness to be pleased.

TOSCAR.

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

LOOKS the sun less lovely when he breaks from a dark-bosomed cloud? fades the brightness of his beams when the rainbow is formed by their rays? Tell me, son of the winged days, can the cold hand of winter rob him of his strength? Shall its whistling blast tremble in the oak, and forbid the summer leaves? Why then should the soul of the mighty shrink from the storm of grief? The clouds of sorrow may hide its brightness for awhile, but it cannot decay: like the sun, it shall burst from their dark folds, and the rainbow of returning joy shall glisten in our tears. Thy son is not fallen in battle, O chief! The white-armed daughter of thy love, is she not seen in thy hall? Yes; behold she comes in the bloom of her loveliness—the soft step of her light-treading foot is near. Haste, maid of Lutha, to whipe the sad tear of grief from the neck of the aged king. Thy father is sad, Malvina; the hero has failed in battle. Many were the sons of the stranger—the strength of Ardven melted before them. Thus sung the bards of Toscar, in the lofty hall, whilst the king sat gloomy by:—he thought of his heroes that fell in battle, and sorrow darkened his soul.—"And weeps the chief of Lutha," said the maid, with the voice of love, "weeps my father for his fallen heroes? Precious are those drops of pity, for many and brave were the warriors: but thy fame is not departed, O Toscar! Thou hast not yielded to the sons of the feeble. Thy foes came like the fierce storm in Ardven: it shakes the broad oak of the mountain, and strews its green leaves on the earth. For awhile it appears in decay, but the spring calls its beauty again. Tune your harps, O ye bards! and sing the deeds of the mighty: the heroes shall listen from their clouds, and joy shall fill their airy frames. 'We have recovered our frame,' will they say, 'the heroes of Toscar are not forgotten in the narrow house."—Joy filled the eyes of the aged king, at the words of Malvina—"Thou art of the race of the mighty," he said, "thou first of the maids of Lutha; the spirit of thy father dwells within thee; we shall conquer in the next of our battles; the heroes that fight for Malvina can never be subdued: let your songs arise, O ye bards, to the wish of the lovely maid.

ANECDOTE OF MADAME DE GUERCHEVILLE.

[*From a London Magazine.*]

HENRY IV. of France was very much in love with this beautiful and excellent woman. She declined his addresses; and yet so much power has virtue upon minds that are not totally abandoned to vice, that he made her first lady of the bed chamber to his new queen, observing to her, that if he knew a woman of more honour than herself in all his kingdom, he should have given her the preference. Henry, one day hunting on purpose in the neighbourhood of her chateau, sent her word that he would sup, and take a bed at her house. She replied that she would take all possible care that his majesty was received as he ought to be. The king pleased with this answer, came to Roche-Guion in the evening, and found Madame de Guercheville, beautiful as an angel, and very elegantly dressed, in waiting for him, at the foot of the great stair case, and surrounded by all her servants. She took a candle from one of them, and conducted the king to the best room in the house, when after having made him a most respectful courtesy, she retired, as the king supposed, to give the necessary orders. Soon afterwards supper was served, but the lady did not make her appearance at it. Henry sent after her, and was told that she had just entered her coach, and was gone out. On hearing this, the king immediately sent to know the reason why she had quitted her house. She replied by the messenger, "a king should always be the master wherever he is: with respect to myself, I always wish to be free wherever I am." Henry rose early the next morning, and retired to Paris, vexed, yet pleased, at his disappointment.

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

"STOICISM," says Bruyere, "is a conceit, an idle notion, like *Plato's Republic*. The stoics affect to smile at poverty, to be insensible of injuries, ingratitude, and the loss of prosperity, parents, and friends; to regard death as a matter of indifference, which should neither render us sorrowful nor glad; to be subdued neither by pleasure nor by affliction; to be assailed by fire or the sword without uttering the faintest sigh, or shedding a single tear: and this phantom of virtue, and imaginary constancy, they have been pleased to honour with the appelation of *wisdom*. They have left man in possession of all his faults, without attempting to correct one. Instead of drawing a frightful or rediculous representation of his vices, which might enable him to correct them, they have traced out to him an of *idea* of perfection and heorism, of which his nature is not susceptible." The philosophers of our time have endeavoured to revive this *chimera* of the stoics. They conceive that they are naturally, and of themselves, independent of all occurrences and all misfortunes. The attacks of sickness or disease they despise. Heaven and earth might come together without involving *them* in the common destruction *they* would stand erect amid the ruins of the universe. Do not believe them. Who has a stronger mind than *Leon?* He laughs at every thing, and fears nothing. By nature, by study, and by experience, he is superior to any event, however extraordinary. One night, while we were walking together in his garden, and the moon was shining in full lustre, I said to him, "I am persuaded, *Leon*, notwithstanding your *strength of mind*, that you would be mightily surprized if this orb above our heads were to assume a threatening aspect, and we saw it on the point of falling to crush us."—"Not at all," replied he, "for though this globe is in truth the next neighbour to ours, there is still so immense a distance between us, that although it were possible for the moon to fall, she would be so long on the road, that we should have time

enough to perceive her descent, and avoid the impending danger."—"But suppose, my good friend, she should fall instantaneously, and *without* stopping on her way, should not you, in that case, be terribly frightened."—"No," replied he coolly, I know that the globe which we inhabit is much larger than that of the moon; and though she should fall in the manner you mention, the idea of its alighting upon *our heads*, would not for a moment give me any uneasiness. She would find room enough for her purpose, I warrant you without doing us the smallest injury. Suppose, for instance, she were to fall into the Indian Seas, what should we have to apprehend?"—"It would cause a terrible earthquake, at least," observed I, with a smile. "Not so terrible as you imagine," rejoined the modern *Zeno*, and thus our conversation ended. Soon afterwards *Leon* entered his closet, and began to write a letter. On a sudden I heard a violent exclamation, which appeared to proceed from my friend's apartment. I hastened to the spot, and perceived the *courageous* philosopher starting up from his chair in extreme agitation, which he had overturned in the act of rising. "The devil," he faintly and tremulously articulated, "has this moment appeared to me." I found it was nothing more than a large *spider*, that, dropping suddenly on the letter he was writing, had thrown him into this strange disorder. He soon came to himself again, and, recollecting what he had been saying to me upon the subject of the *moon*, he attributed the fright that this poor innocent spider had occasioned him, to the violent antipathy he felt to such *nasty creatures*. I could hardly refrain bursting into a fit of laughter, at his weakness; but in compassion to the nerves of this determined STOIC, I left him as soon as possible, not a little amused at the accident which had convinced me, that he who could stand undaunted amid "*the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds*," was yet to be frightened to death by an harmless *insect*; and was liable to the same weakness and alarms which are felt by *women* and *children*, and which are scarcely pardonable even in THEM.

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

About thirty years ago, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica. They were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without sixty or eighty pounds, with which they might be able to make a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient:—One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This being done, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who, after viewing and approving his stout athletic appearance, advanced eighty pounds currency, upon the bill of sale, and prided himself on the purchase, supposing him to be one of the finest negroes on the island. The same evening this new manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in hand-bills, pursuit was useless and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers, with the money commenced business, and actually returned to *England, not many years since*, with a fortune of several thousand pounds. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and, recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him the principal and interest, with thanks. This story, though it has never appeared in print, is well known, and well attested in the island.

JANE SHORE.

Mr. Hume, in his history of England, speaks of this lady in the following manner:

"THIS lady was born of reputable parents in London, was well educated, and married to a substantial citizen; but, unhappily, views of interest, more than the maid's inclinations, had been consulted in this match, and her mind, though framed for virtue, proved unable to resist the allurements of Edward, who solicited her favours. But while seduced from her duty by this gay and amorous monarch, she still made herself respectable by other virtues; and the ascendant which her charms and vivacity long maintained over him, was all employed in acts of beneficence and humanity. She was still forward to oppose calumny, to protect the oppressed, to relieve the indigent; and her good offices, the genuine result of her heart, never waited the solicitation of presence, or the hopes of reciprocal favours: but she lived not only to feel the bitterness of shame imposed on her by this barbarous tyrant [the Duke of Gloucester,] but to experience in old age and poverty, the ingratitude of those courtiers who had long solicited her friendship, and been protected by her credit. No one among the great multitudes whom she had obliged, appeared to bring her consolation or relief. She languished out her life in solitude and indigence, and, amidst a court inured to the most atrocious crimes, the frailties of this woman justified all violations of friendship towards her, and all oblivion of former favours."

AN ENGLISH WRITER GIVES THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE DRESS OF THE LADIES DURING THE LAST CENTURY:

1700—All going masked to the theatres—Nothing was seen.

1727—The mask being thrown aside—the *face* appeared.

1750—The mask and gloves being off—the *face* and *hands* appeared.

1760—The petticoats were shortened—and half the *leg* appeared.

1795—The handkerchief being removed, the *breast* and *neck* appeared.

1796—The sleeves being shortened—the *elbow* and half the upper joint of the *arm* appeared.

Now, supposing the superficies of the human body to be ten square feet, the naked parts will be nearly five feet at this time, and consequently should they persevere in uncovering in an equal ratio, in about ninety years they will have left upon their bodies little more than a pair of stockings; this will appear by the rules of proportion. From the above data it is evident, that the ideas of delicacy entertained by British ladies is approximating in a certain ratio to that of the females of ancient Sparta; or, perhaps, indeed, to their own ancestors, the Britons;—and from these premises it may be no unwarrantable assertion, that in ninety years there will be little smuggling of Flanders' lace or other frippery, but their beautiful skins may again be dyed with wood, and have the figures of the heavenly bodies cut or tattooed upon them.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF

CAPT. JAMES' POEMS.

Art thou poor bard too doom'd to prove,
The pangs of unrequited love,
Art doom'd to sigh thy youth away,
And hopeless pour the plaintive lay.
Share Petrarch's woes, his tender pains!
And breathe his soul impassion'd strains.
With Abelard, at religions shrine,
Eloisa, and the world resign.
Ah, can seclusion peace impart,
When love still warms the rebel heart,
Beats at the past, without controul,
And steals from heav'n the passive soul.
But other themes thy muse inspired,
Bolder flights by fancy fired;
In loftiest strains those numbers move
Or sadly sweetly melt in love.
Yet scorn relentless loves decree,
Unshackle genius, dare be free!
Fly from deluding Delia's smile,
Enchanting loves' ensnaring wile;
Fly from each pageantry of state,
Nor court the favours of the great.
To grandeur breathe the venal strain,
And barter genius for a gain.
Let no proud lord pollute thy truth,
And Flattery meanly gild thy youth;
Let falsehood wear the garb of shame
And scorn the vanity of fame.

LAURA.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY APRIL, 12, 1806.

The House of Assembly of this state have agreed to the resolution of the Senate suspending the execution of Stephen Arnold until March, 1807.

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Capt. West, of the ship Darby, from Canton, arrived at Boston, states that the ship Arahualpa in June last on the N. W. cost, was attacked by the natives, and an obstinate contest ensued, in which capt. Porter and nine others were killed, and nine wounded; they defended themselves with great bravery, and with great difficulty brought the ship off. Among the killed were both mates of the ship, and Mr. Layman Plummer, of Salem, nephew to the owner of the ship, who was on board as clerk to capt. Porter, a very worthy and promising young man. Near fifty of the natives were killed or died of their wounds.

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A Charleston paper of the 25th ult. says, "We are informed that several counterfeit bank notes of 50 and 100 dollars of the branch-Banks of Baltimore and New-York, are now circulating in this city."

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Sad Catastrophe.—In the gale of wind on Wednesday night, about 12 o'clock, the ship Cordelia (consigned to Post and Russel) being in danger of bilging on L. Island shore, a number of seamen volunteered their assistance. In the attempt to carry out an anchor, the long boat sunk, the hands immediately approached a yawl, and in deavouring to save themselves upset it. In the yawl were ten men, of whom five were drowned—the others were saved by the enterprize of the residue of the crew. Among those who were lost, were Messrs. Taber and Ferry, mates of the ship Rhody and Betsey, and brig Fredonia.

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COMMUNICATION.

On the 10th instant after a long and tedious illness, departed this life in the 78th year of his age, the Hon. HORATIO GATES, Lieutenant General in the service of the United States, during the late Revolutionary War, in which service he signalized himself as a faithful, brave, gallant, and distinguished officer. He was a whig in England, and a genuine republican in America. He was attached to the cause of America, from a full conviction of its justice, and fought faithfully under its banners through every stage of the conflict. He left his native country in the early part of his life, and served several campaigns in Germany, where he acquired the rudiments of military knowledge.

He came hither with Gen. Braddock, and served in the British army until the conclusion of the peace. He afterwards returned to England, but finally emigrated to America, and purchased an estate in Virginia. On the rupture between this country and Great Britain he was called to take the command of the nothern army, and by his skill and conduct the troops under Gen. Burgoyne surrendered prisoners of war. His military virtues are too numerous to admit of detail, and will furnish a brilliant page in the American annals. He was a scholar well versed in history and the latin classics, and of correct political principles. His manners and deportment were tinctured with a military bias. He was hospitable, generous, just, inflexible in his atatchment to his friends, and possessed of a feeling heart. He died in the full conviction of the truth of the *Good Philosophy*, and appeared pleased when it was recommended to his serious attention in the last stage of his illness.

Mer. Ad.

—

The city inspector reports the death of 33 persons (12 men, 7 women, 6 boys, and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, apoplexy 1, casualty 1, (a child aged 4 years, burnt by its clothes having accidently caught fire,) childbed 1, consumption 8, (5 men, of whom 4 were aged 40 and 45 and one 50 years; three of the women were between 20 and 30, and one 33 years) convulsions 3, cramp in the stomach 1, decay 1, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 1, inflammatory fever 1, hives 2, intemperance 1, inflamation of the lungs 1, pleurisy 4, stillborn 1, whooping cough 2, and 1 of worms.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
"Of human offspring."
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Kunzie, Mr. Samuel Dean, to Miss Mary Frederick, both of this city.

On Wednesday morning, at the Friend's Meeting, Pearl street, Mr. Benjamin Douglass Perkins, to Miss Mary Murray, daughter of Mr. John Murray, Jun.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. George De Peyster, to Miss Lydia Ann Jackson.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. Matthew Brown of Burlington, N. J. to Miss Sarah Bishop of this city.

On Saturday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. David Sutton, to Miss Mary Brown, both of this city.

On Saturday the 14th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. James K. Hamilton, of the house of J. & J. Palmer & Co, to Miss Eliza Stewart, daughter of Mr. Alexander Stewart, Merchant of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. Patrick Feney,

Printer to Miss Jane M. Quigan, both of that city.

On Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Capt. Nathaniel L'Hommedieu, to Miss Ann Burchan, daughter of the late Capt. Robert G. Burchan, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. John Christopher Long, to Miss Mary Ackeron, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, by the Rev. Mr. M'Lean, Mr. David Anderson, to Miss Jean Barr, both of that place.

....."all, that live, must die; passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Wednesday after a short and severe illness, Mr. Alexander Kirkpatrick, Merchant of this city, aged 34.

On Thursday Major General Horatio Gates.

At Bermuda, on the 29th February, Vice Admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell, Bart.

THEATRE,——PARK.

.....TO SHEW THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME, ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,

Will be presented a new grand Local, Historical, Pantomical Melo-Drama, in three acts, called the

MANHATTAN STAGE;
OR,
CUPID IN HIS VAGARIES.

By a Gentleman of this city.

To which will be added the musical entertainment of,

MY GRANDMOTHER.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14. 1f.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medecine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING's, No. 102 Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 2s. per pot or roll. double, 4s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, as 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened an Academy at no. 16 Chamber street, where he teaches

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WRITING,

IN the *first stile of elegance.* Also, Accounts, English grammar, painting, and drawing. Particular attention will be paid to the improvement of his pupils.

ATTENTION WILL BE PAID ALSO, TO young ladies or gentlemen who may wish to be instructed at the dwelling of their respective parents.

March 1.

Selections for the Weekly Visitor.

THE ANCHORITE'S INVITATION.

Supposed to be written over the entrance of his Cell.

ENTER, stranger, this retreat,
On my couch reclining lay:
Witness rural pleasure sweet;
Rest thee on thy weary way.

Here, remote from strife and care,
Deign with me a while to dwell,
Here thy soul for death prepare;
Worldly pomp and vice repel.

Here, secure from ev'ry danger,
War, and all its dire alarms,
Be thy mind at peace, O stranger!
Sooth'd by Nature's pleasing charms.

View the sporting woodlands wide,
While the sun's meridian heat,
Tempts thee to the water's side,
To seek a shady cool retreat.

False is the world that lures thee hence,
Far from peaceful solitude;
Vain those pleasures of the sense
Which on thy quiet would intrude.

If corroding grief distress thee,
Vainly searching for repose,
Let these tranquil scenes content thee,
Where no sorrows interpose.

THE STING.

IT was a little treacherous thing
To steal upon me when asleep,
And bury in my lip its sting
So very deep!

Canst thou not, Cupid, devise some way,
Some gentle way, a soothing art,
To draw the sting, the pain allay,
And ease the smart?

Oh yes, my fair, I have away,
A gentle way, a soothing art,
To draw the sting, the pain allay,
And ease the smart!

Ah, try it quickly then, she cried....
But fairest take it not amiss....
My lips to hers I close applied,
And stole a kiss.

I feel the gentle soothing art,
She sigh'd and said....the pains decay.
The sting is drawn, and gone the smart,
Quite gone away.

No! say not so ..these kisses steal,
They steal the sting, my love, from thee...
But ah! 'tis only gone, I feel,
From thee to me!

[*Ch Courier.*

OLD AGE.

THE cardinal D'Armagnac, bishop of Rhodes, during his visitation to his diocese, in the year 1654, observed a very old man sitting weeping at the entrance of his house; and, on asking him the cause of his tears, he told him that it was because his father had beaten him. The cardinal was astonished to hear that he had a father living, and inquired on what account his father had beaten him. The old man answered, "because I passed my grandfather without taking off my hat to him.!!!"

APOLOGUE.

THE Indian fabulists tell us of a country in India, where all the natives are hunch-backed. A young, handsome, and well-formed stranger came to this country; immediately he was surrounded by a number of the inhabitants; his figure appeared to them extraordinary; their laughter and gesticulations evinced their astonishment.

They would have proceeded to some outrages on his person, had it not been for one among them, who exclaimed, "Ah! my friends, let us spare this unfortunate, ill-made, man; should we injure him, because heaven has not given him so agreeable and beautiful a form as ours? Sooner let us go to the temple, and return thanks to the Eternal for the humps which he has favoured us with."

THE FELLOW OF BRAZEN-NOSE.

A LARGE company was dining at a travelling Inn, one of which was a Parson, with a very insignificant appearance, meanly dressed, and of a small meagre person. Near him sat a wag of a gigantic size, and thundering accent, remarkable for an enormous nose on his impudent face. The little parson was immediately fixed upon as a good subject for the raillery of this important gentleman, who set himself accordingly to roast the Doctor for the entertainment of the guests. "I presume, Doctor, you have had a *college education.*',—'Yes, Sir!"—"You look as if you had."—"You too, Sir, no doubt, have enjoyed the advantages of *academical* instruction."—"Certainly, Sir! I have." "You are a member, I make no question, of *Brazen-nose college.*"—"You scoundrel! what do you mean by that?" The disputants came to blows, and our *ecclesiastic pugilist*, to the amazement of the spectators, proved such a David to this Goliah, as made him speedily repent of his temerity and importance in provoking one, who could *thump a cushion*, or *pummel an antagonist* with equal vigour and dexterity.

BON MOT.

SOME one, in search of a physician to cure his wife, met with a man who possessed that, that had the power of rendering those things visible, which the eye could not otherwise perceive. Purchasing this charm, he went to a famous physician. At his door he beheld a crowd of souls—they were the souls of those he had killed. All the physicians he visited were attended by a number of souls, more or less, and he of course felt no inclination to employ them. At length he was told of one who lived at some distance. At his door he saw only two little souls. "Ah!" said he to himself, "this physician will do for me—This is a good one." He called upon him. The phisician, astonished at seeing him, enquired how he came to know that he lived there? "How?" cried the other, "By means of the high reputation you have acquired."—"Reputation!" exclaimed the physician, "Why I have been here only eight d[illegible] and, as I hope to live, I have had but two patients since my arrival."

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